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THE GREEN TRIANGLE.

Once again we present another issue of the Green Triangle, Kanawana's own newspaper, for your approval. We would like to take this opportunity of welcoming all our new campers to what will ~~will~~ be their home for a week at least and of telling them that any contribution of any shape or form will be welcomed by the editorial dep't situated in Tent 4 Juvenile. Remember, we publish everything! And you old campers - don't forget to keep our coffers filled with golden material either suitable or unsuitable; whether your contributions be published or not, they serve a worthy purpose, either in delighting the campers or else in lighting the kitchen fires of a dark wet morning.

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Yesterday Ernie Taylor sang "Goa Chin Quoi Lock" for the last time in Kanawana this year, kissed all his Junior Leaders and Campers a sweet and touching good-bye, and hied himself off to wild and wooly Montreal. And right away everyone felt badlyto lose such a good friend and leader; but cheer up, boys, Wilf Buckley has arrived with bag and baggage, so Juniors get ready for a bang-up time. And just a not in passing - Wilf has pilfered Mrnie's shorts - anyway, they look exactly the same. Perhaps they belong to the Metropolitan board, or Something? Much like that bathing suit Chief wears.

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This week there took place the voting and presenting of the shields for the best campers in each section during the month of July. A new system of arriving at a descision as to who deserved the awards was adopted this year. Formerly, campers were chosen by their leaders and sectional director alone; but this year every camper in every section had a chance to vote for the boy whom he thought to be the best all round camper. Then the ten or twelve boys who received the most votes the leaders and staff to-gether chose the boys to receiv e the shields. Thus this yearthe shield means more than ever before - ~~thx~~ ~~hxy~~ it carries with it the double approval of campers and staff alike. Here are the x names of the chosen ones - Senior Section - Bob Bennet.
Junior Section - John Kennedy, Bryce Chatam
Juvenile Section - Junior Taylor.

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Last Sunday we again held a very beautiful chapel service in the even more beautiful Chapel - with Mr.Spearman delivering the address. Our friends from Becis were present with us completely filling the chapel. During the course of the service Mr. Harold Mills of Montreal sang, and several pictures were taken by Mr. Fowle. They are now on display in the dining hall - everyone should see them.

Tomorrow morning Mr. Hall, an ex-member of the Kanawana board and at present father of a Juvenile camper, will take the Chapel service.

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CIRCUS.

Friday afternoon the Junior Campus was reverberant with cries of thisway to see the fattest man ever" and "Please don't feed the monkeys" and all such shouts as usually accompany a reputable circus.. Yes, Kanawana was staging its annual circus, and it was better than ever before.

Literally hundreds of booths, with everything from games of skill to Trying to make Ed Chase Laugh included in the list. One enterprising tent built a miniature golf course, another a ferris wheel, another a shooting gallery. But of course the best liked booths of all were the Ice Cream stand and the Hamburger Shop.

All in all some 250 oranges were distributed by a sweating business manager as prises, of which some 110 went to Howie Langoille either by hook or by crook, and nearly Forty dollars was collected from the various booths, receipts ranging all the way from 17¢ to over $8.

Suggestions as to how to spend the money raised at the best circus in Kanawana's history will be gladly received by the Chief.

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Senior Canoe Trip.

On Tuesday afternoon the Seniors - seven of them and two, leaders - left camp by truck for Montford , to paddle from there to Sixteen Island Lake. However they were back again within ten minutes - they had forgotten half their supplies. Such Hikers! And then they spent the first night sleeping on the soft lap of a rock pile! Such Campers again! And then to crown i all they didn't even try to make 16 Island - they contente themselves with remaining at Newaygo. Such Canoeists! But anyway, They all had a good time, or rather, " A good time was had by all" which after all, is the prime object of any such trip.

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They Juniors went hiking, too - a 5 day outing to 14 Island Lake. Of course they were wild, but not nearly as wild as they seniors - they just haven't the technique which their older brothers have acquired through many long years of practice.

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We have received a telegram from Bite the Flea saying that he might be detained by a conference of all the fleas of Eastern Canada to discuss ways and means of alleviating the mosquito plague at summer camps, and undoubtedly that has deatined him. Put he has promised to be here for next week, and when a flea promises the bargain is sealed.

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Dorothy Dix' Advoce to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Dix,

My girl won't go out with me because I eat meat. She is a vegetari an and says that meat is unhealthy. I know she is wrong, because all my ancestors ate meat.

John Kidd.

Dear John,

Well, all your ancestors are dead, aren't they?

Dear Miss Dix,

I have been simply fascinated by the cold-blooded beauty of one of the Knawana leaders. I think his name is Les Bourbas, But why has he such a wad look on his face?

A Becsis Girl

Dear Becsis Girl,

Probably he is sad because it is his face.

Dear Miss Dix,

What can I do to prevent Hugh Ray from chasing around after the girls? It causes quite a lot of distress, as it doesn't set a good example for the boys in tent 9. Plwase tell me what I can do.

Wilf Buckley.

Dear Wilf,

You can do nothing. He is just a natural "Woman's Home Companion"

Dorothy old Gal,

What can you do with a girl who simply won't get out of the truck and walk even after being kissed,

Jack Cameron.

Dear Jack,

Chief wants to know her address; he will handle the case for you.

Annual Shawbridge Invitation Games.

On Wednesday last a good part of Kanawana migrated to Shawbrodge for th annual baseball game, tarck maat, and swim against the Boys' Farm. The day was most successful in more ways than one - spectacular baseball accounted for an 18 - 17 win, bringing the cup to Kanawana after a five years' absence, Stew Korrison and his swim team burned up the lake for another victory; and although Kanawana lost the track meet by three points, nevertheless the delicious lemonade and matermelon srved to all and sundry more than compensated us for the loss. We're all looking foreward to next year's games with the farm.

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We have a very pleasant announcement to make - this afternoon Junior Taylor swam the length of the lake. As far as we know, this is the first time a Juvenile has accomplished such a feat.

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Chronicles of Bite, the Flea.

Hello fellow Kanawanaians - here I am back again at Dear old Kanawana, And, boy, am I glad to be there! It's been a long cold winter, it has.

Just in case there re some here (and I see many new faces) who didn't make my aquaintance last summer, let me introduce myself. Ladies, gentlemen, fellows, I am Bite the flea..... Kanawana's own flea.....I was born here in camp just about a year ago in a little mustache loaned to my parents by hart Devenny, bless his whiskers....

We had a great camp last year... byo, oh boy, I remember circus day in particular. That was the day I met Chew.... she was wandering aboutin that big black forest the Business manager carries about on his chest... and when she looked at me with those big eyes of hers and said "Please, mister, will you lead me out of this labyrinth?" I just broke down and cried.

She is Mrs. Chew now. She couldn't get away this weekend... had to stay home and mind little Chewey. My he's becoming a big boy - you ought to see him.....he'll be almost old enough for camp next year - probably go in the Juvenile Section.

Yes, we had a great camp last year and I was sorry to leave. My wife and I had decided to spend our honeymoon her at Kanawana, until we overheard the Business Manager talking to the Chef about taking a trip out west. We had heard the business manager speak a lot about Vancouver..... he called it heaven....and so, well, we just decided to spend our honeymoon in heaven..... and went along with the Busneess Manager. I wish I had more time to tell you of our experiences, but your new editor is a business man and wants things short and sweet.

During the winter we decided to change our abode from the dark forst of the business manager, and took up residence with Chief Spearman. There wevspent a very enjoyable winter. But when spring came along I got restless, and wanted to get back to the old hunting grounds here at Kanawana. But fellows, when a flea goes and gets married, he just can't do as he pleases. Mrs. Chew wouldn't let me go so I have stayed around the hot anf sweltering City up till now.However, when I heard Mr. Spearman talking about coming up here yhis weekend, I finally prevailed upon her to let me come too.

Camp looks very well, and so does everybody but my old friend the Business Manager. He does